

AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

ELSIE: "Oh, it's so hard to leave the party, Victorine!"

VICTORINE: "Oui, mademoiselle — mais pense donc comme c'était beau à arriver!"



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SON.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH, OWNER OF THE PICTURE.

# BETTY LEICESTER'S ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

[*Began in the December number.*]



BETTY and her father had taken a long journey from London. They had been nearly all day in the train, after a breakfast by candle-light; and it was quite dark, except for the

light of the full moon in a misty sky, as they drove up the long avenue at Danesly. Pagot was in great spirits; she was to go everywhere with Betty now, being used to the care of young ladies, and more being expected of this young lady than in the past. Pagot had been at Danesly before with the Duncans, and had many friends in the household.

Mr. Leicester was walking across the fields by a path he well knew from the little station, with a friend and fellow guest whom they had met at Durham. This path was much shorter than the road, so that papa was sure of reaching the house first; but Betty felt a little lonely, being tired and shy of meeting a great, bright houseful of people quite by herself, in case papa should loiter. But suddenly the carriage stopped, and the footman jumped down and opened the door. "My lady is walking down to meet you, miss," he said; "she 's just ahead of us, coming down the avenue." And Betty flew like a pigeon to meet her dear friend. The carriage drove on and left them together under the great trees, walking along together over the beautiful tracery of shadows. Suddenly Lady Mary felt the warmth of Betty's love for her and her speechless happiness as she had not felt it before, and she stopped, looking so tall and charming, and put her

two arms round Betty, and hugged her to her heart.

"My dear little girl!" she said for the second time; and then they walked on, and still Betty could not say anything for sheer joy. "Now I 'm going to tell you something quite in confidence," said the hostess of the great house, which showed its dim towers and scattered lights beyond the leafless trees. "I had been wishing to have you come to me, but I should not have thought this the best time for a visit; later on, when the days will be longer, I shall be able to have much more time to myself. But an American friend of mine, Mr. Banfield, who is a friend of your papa's, I believe, wrote to ask if he might bring his young daughter, whom he had taken from school in New York, for a holiday. It seemed a difficult problem for the first moment," and Lady Mary gave a funny little laugh. "I did not know quite what to do with her just now, as I should with a grown person. And then I remembered that I might ask you to help me, Betty dear. You know that the Duncans always go for a Christmas visit to their cousins in Devon."

"I was so glad to come," said Betty warmly; "it was nicer than anything else."

"I am a little afraid of young American girls, you understand," said Lady Mary gaily; and then, taking a solemn tone: "Yes, you need n't laugh, Miss Betty! But you know all about what they like, don't you? and so I am sure we can make a bit of pleasure together, and we 'll be fellow-hostesses, won't we? We must find some time every day for a little talking over of things quite by ourselves. I 've put you next your father's rooms, and to-morrow Miss Banfield will be near by, and you 're to dine in my little morning-room to-night. I 'm so glad good old Pagot is with you; she knows the house perfectly well. I hope you will soon feel at home. Why, this is

almost like having a girl of my very own," said Lady Mary, wistfully, as they began to go up the great steps and into the hall, where the butler and other splendid personages of the household stood waiting. Lady Mary was a tall, slender figure in black, with a beautiful head; and she carried herself with great spirit and grace. She had wrapped some black lace about her head and shoulders, and held it gathered with one hand at her throat.

"I must fly to the drawing-room now, and then go to dress for dinner; so good night, darling," said this dear lady, whom Betty had always longed to be nearer to and to know better. "To-morrow you must tell me all about your summer in New England," she said, looking over her shoulder as she went one way and Betty another, with Pagot and a footman who carried the small luggage from the carriage. How good and sweet she had been to come to meet a young stranger who might feel lonely, and as if there were no place for her in the great strange house in the first minute of her arrival. And Betty Leicester quite longed to see Miss Banfield and to help her to a thousand pleasures at once for Lady Mary's sake.

Somebody has said that there are only a very few kinds of people in the world, but that they are put into all sorts of places and conditions. The minute Betty Leicester looked at Edith Banfield next day she saw that she was a little like Mary Beck, her own friend and Tideshead neighbor. The first thought was one of pleasure, and the second was a fear that the new Becky would not have a good time at Danesly. It was the next morning after Betty's own arrival. That first evening she had her dinner alone, and then was reading and resting after her journey in Lady Mary's own little sitting-room, which was next her own room. When Pagot came up from her own hasty supper and "crack" with her friends to look after Betty, and to unpack, she had great tales to tell of the large and noble company assembled at Danesly House. "They're dining in the great banquet hall itself," she said with pride. "Lady Mary looks a queen at the head of the table, with the French prince beside her and the great Earl of Seacliff at the other side,"

said Pagot, proudly. "I took a look from the old musicians' gallery, miss, as I came along, and it was a fine sight, indeed. Lady Mary's own maid, as I have known well these many years, was telling me the names of the strangers." Pagot was very proud of her own knowledge of fine people.

Betty asked if it was far to the gallery; and, finding that it was quite near the part of the house where they were, she went out with Pagot along the corridors with their long rows of doors, and into the musicians' gallery, where they found themselves at a delightful point of view. Danesly Castle had been built at different times; the banquet-hall itself was very old and stately, with a high, arched roof. There were beautiful old hangings and banners where the walls and roof met, and lower down were spread great tapestries. There was a huge fire blazing in the deep fire-place at the end, and screens before it; the long table twinkled with candle-light, and the gay company sat about it. Betty looked first for papa, and saw him sitting beside Lady Dimdale, who was a great friend of his; then she looked for Lady Mary, who was at the end between the two gentlemen of whom Pagot had spoken. She was still dressed in black lace, but with many diamonds sparkling at her throat, and she looked as sweet and spirited and self-possessed as if there were no great entertainment at all. The men-servants in their handsome livery moved quickly to and fro, as if they were actors in a play. The people at the table were talking and laughing, and the whole scene was so pleasant, so gay and friendly, that Betty wished, for almost the first time, that she were grown up and dining late, to hear all the delightful talk. She and Pagot were like swallows high under the eaves of the great room. Papa looked really boyish, so many of the men were older than he. There were twenty at table; and Pagot said, as Betty counted, that many others were expected the next day. You could imagine the great festivals of an older time as you looked down from the gallery. In the gallery itself there were quaint little heavy wooden stools for the musicians: the harpers and fiddlers and pipers who had played for so many generations of gay dancers, for whom

the same lights had flickered, and over whose heads the old hangings had waved. You felt as if you were looking down at the past. Betty and Pagot closed the narrow door of the gallery softly behind them, and our friend went back to her own bedroom, where there was a nice fire, and nearly fell asleep before it, while Pagot was getting the last things unpacked and ready for the night.

The next day at about nine o'clock Lady Mary came through her morning-room and tapped at the door. Betty was just ready and very glad to say good morning. The sun was shining, and she had been leaning out upon the great stone window-sill looking down the long slopes of the country into the wintry mists. Lady Mary looked out too, and took a long breath of the fresh, keen air. "It's a good day for hunting," she said, "and for walking. I'm going down to breakfast, because I planned for an idle day. I thought we might go down together if you were ready."

Betty's heart was filled with gratitude; it was so very kind of her hostess to remember that it would be difficult for the only girl in the great house-party to come to breakfast for the first time. They went along the corridor and down the great staircase, past the portraits and the marble busts and figures on the landings. There were two or three ladies in the great hall at the foot, with an air of being very early, and some gentlemen who were going fox-hunting; and after Betty had spoken with Lady Dimdale, whom she knew, they sauntered into the breakfast-room, where they found some other people; and papa and Betty had a word together and then sat down side by side to their muffins and their eggs and toast and marmalade. It was not a bit like a Tideshead company breakfast. Everybody jumped up if he wished for a plate, or for more jam, or a cut of cold game, which was on the sideboard with many other things. The company of servants had disappeared, and it was all as unceremonious as if the breakfasters were lunching out of doors. There was not a great tableful like that of the night before; many of the guests were taking their tea and coffee in their own rooms.

By the time breakfast was done, Betty had

begun to forget herself as if she were quite at home. She stole an affectionate glance now and then at Lady Mary, and had fine bits of talk with her father, who had spent a charming evening and now told Betty something about it, and how glad he was to have her see their fellow-guests. When he went hurrying away to join the hunt, Betty was sure that she knew what to do with herself. It would take her a long time to see the huge old house and the picture-gallery, where there were some very famous paintings, and the library, about which papa was always so enthusiastic. Lady Mary was to her more interesting than anybody else, and she wished especially to do something for Lady Mary. Aunt Barbara had helped her niece very much one day in Tideshead when she talked about her own experience in making visits and going much into company. "The best thing you can do," she said, "is to do everything you can to help your hostess. Don't wait to see what is going to be done for you, but try to help entertain your fellow-guests and to make the occasion pleasant, and you will be sure to enjoy yourself and to find your hostess wishing you to come again. Always do the things that will help your hostess." Our friend thought of this sage advice now, but it was at a moment when every one else was busy talking, and they were all going on to the great library except two or three late breakfasters who were still at the table. Aunt Barbara had also said that when there was nothing else to do, your plain duty was to entertain yourself; and, having a natural gift for this, Betty wandered off into a corner and found a new "Punch" and some of the American magazines on a little table close by the window-seat. After a while she happened to hear some one ask: "What time is Mr. Banfield coming?"

"By the eleven o'clock train," said Lady Mary. "I am just watching for the carriage that is to fetch him. Look; you can see it first between the two oaks there to the left. It is an awkward time to get to a strange house, poor man; but they were in the South and took a night train that is very slow. Mr. Banfield's daughter is with him, and my dear friend Betty, who knows what American girls best like, is kindly going to help me entertain her."

"Oh, really!" said one of the ladies, looking up and smiling as if she had been wondering just what Betty was for, all alone in the grown-up house-party. "Really, that's very nice. But I might have seen that you are Mr. Leicester's daughter. It was very stupid of me, my dear; you're quite like him — oh, quite!"

"I have seen you with the Duncans, have I not?" asked some one else, with great interest. "Why, fancy!" said this friendly person, who was named the Honorable Miss Northumberland, a small, eager little lady in spite of her solemn great name,—"fancy! you must be an American too. I should have thought you quite an English girl."

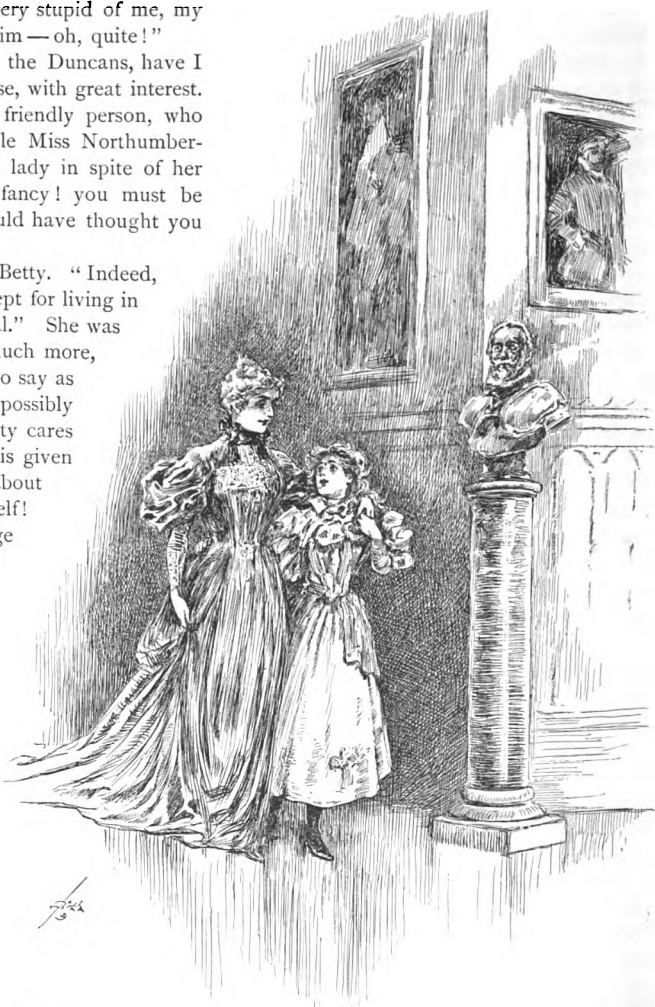
"Oh, no, indeed," said Betty. "Indeed, I'm quite American, except for living in England a very great deal." She was ready to go on and say much more, but she had been taught to say as little about herself as she possibly could, since general society cares little for knowledge that is given it too easily, especially about strangers and one's self!

"There's the carriage now," said Lady Mary, as she went away to welcome the guests. "Poor souls! they will like to get to their rooms as soon as possible," she said hospitably; but although the elder ladies did not stir, Betty deeply considered the situation, and then, with a happy impulse, hurried after her hostess. It was a long way about, through two or three rooms and the great hall to the entrance; but Betty overtook Lady Mary just as she reached the great door, going forward in the most hospitable, charming way to meet the new-comers. She did not seem to have seen Betty at all.

The famous lawyer and wit, Mr. Banfield, came quickly up the steps, and after him, more

slowly, came his daughter, whom he seemed quite to forget.

A footman was trying to take her wraps and traveling-bag, but she clung fast to them, and looked up apprehensively toward Lady Mary.



"THEY WENT ALONG THE CORRIDOR PAST THE PORTRAITS AND THE MARBLE BUSTS."

Betty was very sympathetic, and was sure that it was a trying moment, and she ran down to meet Miss Banfield, and happened to be so fortunate as to catch her just as she was tripping over her dress upon the high stone step.

Mr. Banfield himself was well known in London, and was a great favorite in society; but at first sight his daughter's manners struck one as being less interesting. She was a pretty girl, but she wore a pretentious look which was further borne out by very noticeable clothes—not at all the right things to travel in at that hour; but, as has long ago been said, Betty saw at once the likeness to her Tideshead friend and comrade, Mary Beck, and opened her heart to take the stranger in. It was impossible not to be reminded of the day when Mary Beck came to call in Tideshead, with her best hat and bird-of-paradise feather, and they both felt so awkward and miserable.

"Did you have a very tiresome journey?" Betty was asking as they reached the top of the steps at last; but Edith Banfield's reply was indistinct, and the next moment Lady Mary turned to greet her young guest cordially. Betty felt that she was a little dismayed, and was all the more eager to have the young compatriot's way made easy.

"Did you have a tiresome journey?" asked Lady Mary, in her turn; but the reply was quite audible now.

"Oh, yes," said Edith. "It was awfully cold—oh, awfully!—and so smoky and horrid and dirty! I thought we never should get here, with changing cars in horrid stations, and everything," she said, telling all about it.

"Oh, that was too bad," said Betty, rushing to the rescue, while Lady Mary walked on with Mr. Banfield. Edith Banfield talked on in an excited, persistent way to Betty, after having finally yielded up her bag to the footman, and looking after him somewhat anxiously. "It's a splendid big house, is n't it?" she whispered; "but awfully old-fashioned. I suppose there's a new part where they live, is n't there? Have you been here before? Are you English?"

"I'm Betty Leicester," said Betty, in an undertone. "No, I have n't been here before; but I have known Lady Mary for a long time in London. I'm an American, too."

"You are n't, really!" exclaimed Edith. "Why, you must have been over here a good many times, or something—" She cast a glance at Betty's plain woolen gear, and recog-

nized the general comfortable appearance of the English school-girl. Edith herself was very fine in silk attire, with much fur trimming and a most expensive hat. "Well, I'm awfully glad you're here," she said, with a satisfied sigh; "you know all about it better than I do, and can tell me what to put on."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Betty, cheerfully; "and there are lots of nice things to do. We can see the people, and then there are all the pictures and the great conservatories, and the stables and dogs and everything. I've been waiting to see them with you; and we can ride every day, if you like; and papa says it's a perfectly delightful country for walking."

"I hate to walk," said Edith, frankly.

"Oh, what a pity," lamented Betty, a good deal dashed. She was striving against a very present disappointment, but still the fact could not be overlooked that Edith Banfield looked like Mary Beck. Now, Mary also was apt to distrust all strangers and to take suspicious views of life, and she had little enthusiasm; but Betty knew and loved her loyalty and really good heart. She felt sometimes as if she tried to walk in tight shoes when "Becky's" opinions had to be considered, but Becky's world had grown wider month by month, and she loved her very much. Edith Banfield was very pretty; that was a comfort, and though Betty might never like her as she did Mary Beck, she meant more than ever to help her to have a good time.

Lady Mary appeared again, having given Mr. Banfield into the young footman's charge. She looked at Sister Betty for an instant with an affectionate, amused little smile, and laid one hand on her shoulder as she talked for a minute pleasantly with the new guest.

A maid appeared to take Edith to her room, and Lady Mary patted Betty's shoulder as they parted. They did not happen to have time for a word together again all day.

By luncheon-time the two girls were very good friends, and Betty knew all about the new-comer; and in spite of a succession of minor disappointments, the acquaintance promised to be very pleasant. Poor Edith Banfield, like poor Betty, had no mother, and Edith had spent several years already at a large boarding-

school. She was taking this journey by way of vacation, and was going back after the Christmas holidays. She was a New-Yorker, and she hated the country, and loved to stay in foreign hotels. This was the first time she had ever paid a visit in England, except to some American friends who had a villa on the Thames, which Edith had found quite dull. She had not been taught either to admire or to enjoy very much, which seemed to make her schooling count for but little so far; but she adored her father and his brilliant wit in a most lovely way, and with this affection and pride Betty could warmly sympathize. Edith longed to please her father in every possible manner, and secretly confessed that she did not always succeed, in a way that touched Betty's heart. It was hard to know exactly how to please the busy man; he was apt to show very mild interest in the new clothes which at present were her chief joy: perhaps she was always making the mistake of not so much trying to please him as to make him pleased with herself, which is quite a different thing.

There was an anxious moment on Betty's part when Edith Banfield summoned her to decide upon what dress should be worn for the evening. Pagot, whom Betty had asked to go and help her new friend, was looking a little disapprovingly, and two or three fine French dresses were spread out for inspection.

"Why, are n't you going to dress?" asked Edith. "I was afraid you were all ready to go down, but I could n't think what to put on."

"I 'm all dressed," said Betty, with surprise. "Oh, what lovely gowns! But we" — she suddenly foresaw a great disappointment — "we need n't go down yet, you know, Edith; we are not out, and dinner is n't like luncheon here in England. We can go down afterward, if we like, and hear the songs, but we never go to dinner when it's a great dinner like this. I think it is much better fun to stay away; at least, I always have thought so until last night, and then it did really look very pleasant," she frankly added. "Why, I 'm not sixteen, and you're only a little past, you know." But there lay a grown-up young lady's evening gowns as if to confute all Betty's arguments.

"How awfully stupid!" said Edith, with

great scorn. "Nursery tea for anybody like us!" and she turned to look at Betty's dress, which was charming enough in its way, and made in very pretty girlish fashion. "I should think they'd make you wear a white pinafore," said Edith, ungraciously; but Betty, who had been getting a little angry, thought this so funny that she laughed and felt much better.

"I wear muslins for very best," she said serenely. "Why, of course we'll go down after dinner and stay a while before we say good-night; they'll be out before half-past nine,—I mean the ladies,—and we'll be there in the drawing-room. Oh, is n't that blue gown a beauty! I wish I had put on my best muslin, Pagot."

"You look very suitable, Miss Betty," said Pagot, stiffly. Pagot was very old-fashioned, and Edith made a funny little face at Betty behind her back.

The two girls had a delightful dinner together in the morning-room next Betty's own, and Edith's good humor was quite restored. She had had a good day, on the whole, and the picture-galleries and conservatories had not failed to please by their splendors and delights. After they had finished their dessert, Betty, as a great surprise, offered the hospitalities of the musicians' gallery, and they sped along the corridors and up the stairs in great spirits, Betty leading the way. "Now, don't upset the little benches," she whispered, as she opened the narrow door out of the dark passage, and presently their two heads were over the edge of the gallery. They leaned boldly out, for nobody would think of looking up.

The great hall was even gayer and brighter than it had looked the night before. The lights and colors shone, there were new people at table, and much talk was going on. The butler and his men were more military than ever; it was altogether a famous, much-diamonded dinner company, and Lady Mary looked quite magnificent at the head.

"It looks pretty," whispered Edith; "but how dull it sounds! I don't believe that they are having a bit of a good time. At home, you know, there's such a noise at a party. What a splendid big room!"

"People never talk loud when they get to-



gether in England," said Betty. "They never make that awful chatter that we do at home. Just four or five people who come to tea in Tideshead can make one another's ears ache. I could n't get used to it last summer; Aunt Barbara was almost the only tea-party person in Tideshead who did n't get screaming."

"Oh, I do think it's splendid!" said Edith, wistfully. "I wish we were down there. I wish there was a little gallery lower down. There's Lord Dunwater, who sat next me at luncheon. Who's that next your father?"

There was a little noise behind the eager girls, and they turned quickly. A tall boy had joined them, who seemed much disturbed at finding any one in the gallery, which seldom had a visitor. Edith stood up, and seemed an alarmingly tall and elegant young lady in the dim light. Betty, who was as tall, was nothing like so imposing to behold at that moment; but the new-comer turned to make his escape.

"Don't go away," Betty begged, seeing his alarm, and wondering who he could be. "There's plenty of room to look. Don't go." And thereupon the stranger came forward.

He was a handsome fellow, dressed in Eton clothes. He was much confused, and said nothing; and, after a look at the company below, during which the situation became more embarrassing to all three, he was going away.

"Are you staying in the house, too?" asked Betty, timidly; it was so very awkward.

"I just came," said the boy, who now appeared to be a very nice fellow indeed. They had left the musicians' gallery,—nobody knew why,—and now stood outside in the corridor. "I just came," he repeated. "I walked over from the station across the fields. I'm Lady Mary's nephew, you know. She's not expecting me. I had my supper in the housekeeper's room. I was going on a week's tramp in France with my old tutor, just to get rid of Christmas parties and things; but he strained a knee at foot-ball, and we had to give it up, and so I came here for the holidays. There was nothing else to do," he explained ruefully.

"What a lot of people my aunt's got this year!"

"It's very nice," said Betty, cordially.

"It's beastly slow, I think," said the boy.

"I like it much better when my aunt and I

have the place to ourselves. Oh, no; that's not what I mean!" he said, blushing crimson as both the girls laughed. "Only we have jolly good times by ourselves, you know; no end of walks and rides; and we fish if the water's right. You ought to see my aunt cast a fly."

"She's perfectly lovely, is n't she?" said Betty, in a tone which made them firm friends at once. "We're going down to the drawing-room soon; would n't you like to come?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly. "It'll be fun to surprise her. And I saw Lady Dimdale at dinner. I like Lady Dimdale awfully."

"So does papa," said Betty; "oh, so very much!—next to Lady Mary and Mrs. Duncan."

"You're Betty Leicester, are n't you? Oh, I know you now," said the boy, turning toward her with real friendliness. "I danced with you at the Duncans', at a party, just before I first went to Eton,—oh, ever so long ago!—you won't remember it; and I've seen you once besides, at their place in Warwickshire, you know. I'm Warford, you know."

"Why, of course," said Betty, with great pleasure. "It puzzled me; I could n't think at first, but you've quite grown up since then. How we used to dance when we were little things! Do you like it now?"

"No, I hate it," said Warford, coldly, and they all three laughed. Edith was walking alongside, feeling much left out of the conversation, though Warford had been stealing glances at her.

"Oh, I am so sorry—I did n't think," Betty exclaimed in her politest manner. "Miss Edith Banfield, this is Lord Warford. I did n't mean to be rude, but you were a great surprise, were n't you, Warford?" and they all laughed again, as young people will. Just then they reached the door of Lady Mary's morning-room; the girls' dessert was still on the table, and, being properly invited, Warford began to eat the rest of the fruit. "One never gets quite enough grapes," said Warford, who was evidently suffering the constant hunger of a rapidly growing person.

Edith Banfield certainly looked very pretty, both her companions thought so; but they felt much more at home with each other. It seemed as if she were a great deal older than

they, in her fine evening dress. At last they all started down the great staircase, and had just settled themselves in the drawing-room when the ladies began to come in.

"Why, Warford, my dear!" said Lady Mary, with great delight, as he met her and kissed her twice, as if they were quite by themselves; then he turned and spoke to Lady Dimdale, who was just behind, still keeping Lady Mary's left hand in his own. Warford looked taller and more manly than ever in the bright light, and he was recognized warmly by nearly all the ladies, being not only a fine fellow, but the heir of Danesly and great possessions besides, so that he stood for much that was interesting, even if he had not been interesting himself. Betty and Edith looked on with pleasure, and presently Lady Mary came toward them.

"I am so glad that you came down," she said; "and how nice of you to bring Warford! He usually objects so much that I believe you have found some new way to make it easy. I suppose it is dull when he is by himself. Mr. Frame is here, and has promised to sing by and by. He and Lady Dimdale have practised a duet; their voices are charming together. I hope that you will not go up until afterward."

Betty, who had been sitting when Lady Mary came toward her, had risen at once to meet her, without thinking about it; but Edith

Banfield still sat in her low chair, feeling stiff and uncomfortable, while Lady Mary did not find it easy to talk down at her or to think of anything to say. All at once it came to Edith's mind to follow Betty's example, and they all three stood together talking cheerfully until Lady Mary had to go to her other guests.

"Is n't she lovely!" said Edith, with all the ardor that Betty could wish. "I don't feel a bit afraid of her, as I thought I should."

"She takes such dear trouble," said Betty, herself. "She never forgets anybody. Some grown persons behave as if you ought to be ashamed of not being older, and as if you were going to bore them if they did n't look out." At this moment Warford came back most loyally from the other side of the room, and presently some gentlemen made their appearance, and the delightful singing began. Betty, who loved music, sat and listened like a quiet young robin in her red dress, and her father, who looked at her happy, dreaming face, was sure that there never had been a dearer girl in the world. Lady Mary looked at her too, and was really full of wonder, because in some way Betty had managed with simple friendliness to make her shy nephew quite forget himself, and to give some feeling of belongingness to Edith Banfield, who would have felt astray by herself in a strange English house.

*(To be concluded.)*

## A NURSERY SONG.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,  
Are two little goblins black!  
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,  
But somehow they still come back.  
They clamber up to the Baby's mouth,  
And pull the corners down;  
They perch aloft on the Baby's brow,  
And twist it into a frown.  
And one says "Shall!" and t' othersays "Sha'n't!"  
And one says "Must!" and t' other says  
"Can't!"  
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,  
I pray you now, from my house keep out!

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh  
Are two little fairies light:  
They're always ready for fun and chaff,  
And sunshine is their delight.  
And when they creep into Baby's eyes,  
Why, there the sunbeams are:  
And when they peep through her rosy lips,  
Her laughter rings near and far.  
And one says "Please!" and t' other says  
"Do!"  
And both together say "I love you!"  
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,  
Come in, my dears, and tarry a while!